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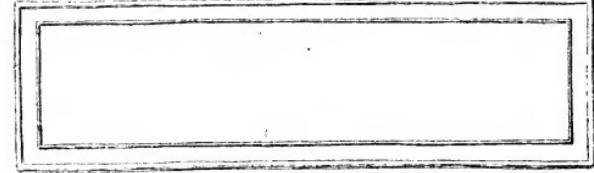
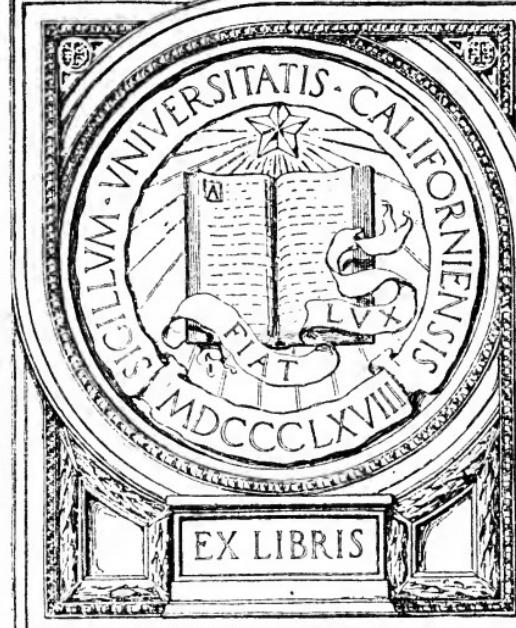


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GIFT OF
G. Hamilton Hammon



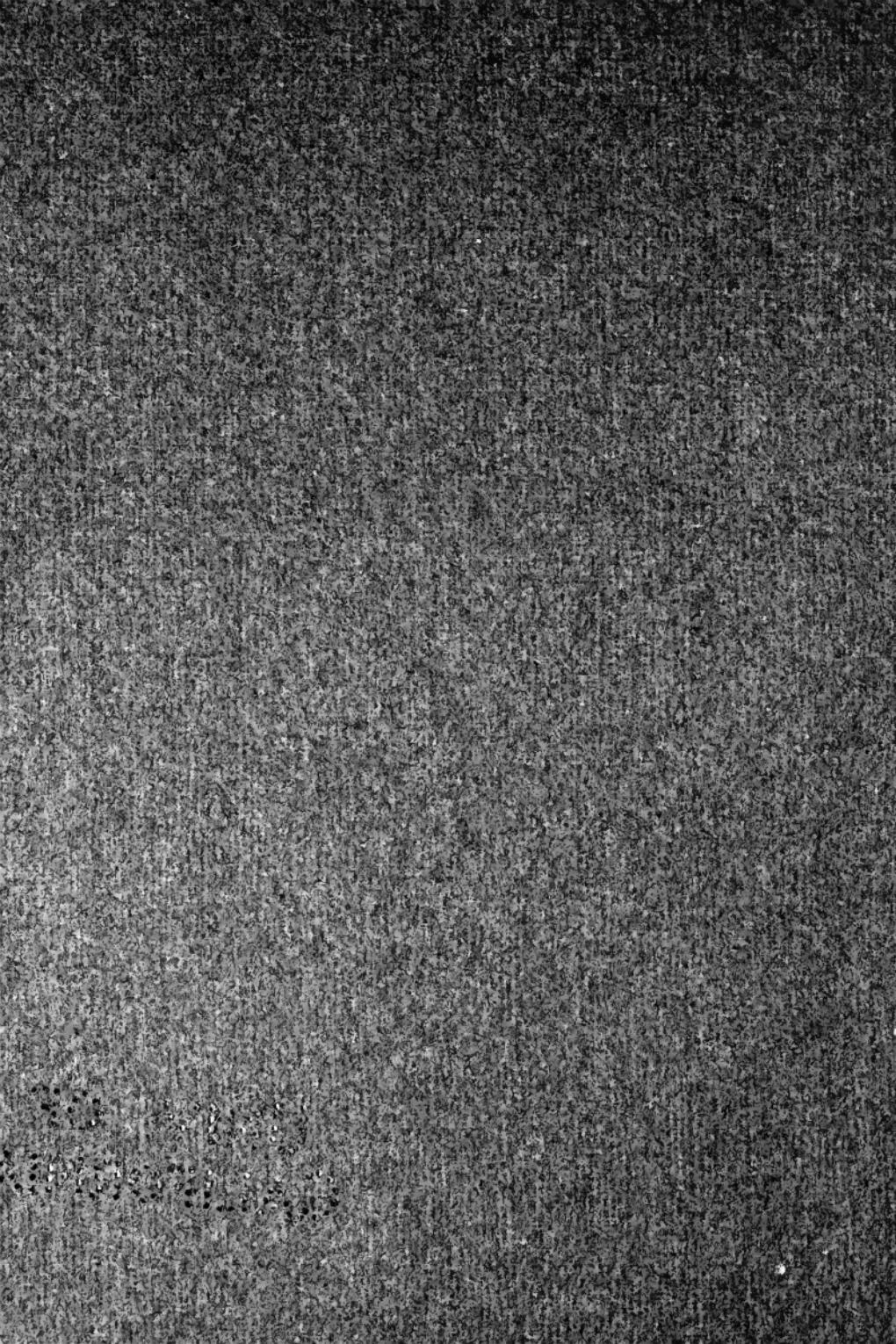
HARMONIES AND DISCORDS

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM WATERCOLORS



FLANNEL FLOWERS OF SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.

G. HAMILTON HAMMON



Mr's
farm man
12th 1918.

Dear Sirs
I have
mailing
copy of
and thank
do me to
efforts in
Library
I have
publical
possibly
to give it
Discord

Still striving
Ever learning!
Sincerely yours
A. Hamilton Harmon

Feb. 12th 1918.

"o.....

From.....

With kindest thoughts

To the loving, earnest souls who, during the great World-war have devoted themselves to the continuous duties of preparing the necessary comforts for our soldiers, and providing personal assistance and relief for the wounded and suffering heroes in the Cause of Right, and Liberty to enjoy our Beautiful World in peace:—The Workers in the “Red Cross”—this little booklet is gratefully dedicated.

G. H. H.

Coronado, September 20th, 1917.

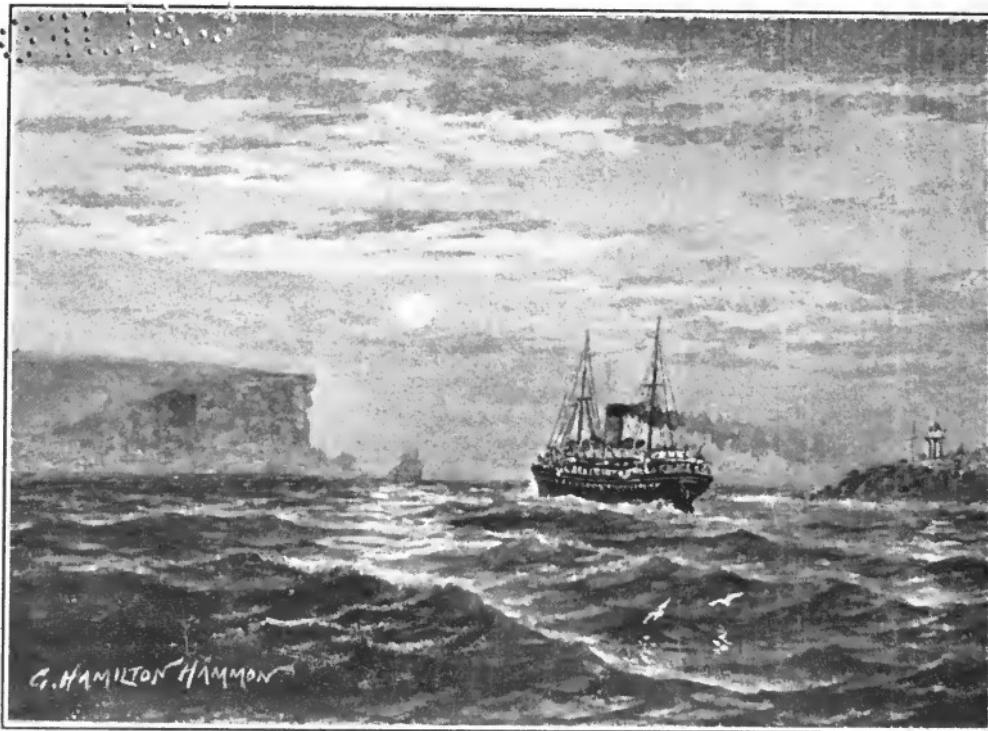
Harmonies and Discords

POETIZED AND ILLUSTRATED BY
G. HAMILTON HAMMON

AUTHOR OF
“APPRECIATION AND APATHY”
“PAIN AND GAIN”
“NATURE AND JUSTICE”

Price, 25 cents or 1 shilling

PUBLISHED AND COPYRIGHT 1917 by G. HAMILTON HAMMON
1106 Orange Avenue
Coronado
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.



SYDNEY HEADS AND THE BOAT

From a watercolor
by the Author

PS2515
RFBH3
1919
N.Y.C.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE MERCHANT

I was seated in Sydney's gardens,
when a stout stylish man came along.

He sat still, but soon broke the silence,
impertinently meriting rebuff.

"Why are you not at the barracks?" he asked,
in a military kind of way.

I answered him quite politely,
"On several counts—that is why."

And reckoning up straightaway I said,
"First, I'm over military age."

Next I informed this stout old gent,
that medically I would not pass.

"Thirdly," I said, "I'm a married man,
with a wife and child to keep."

"And fourthly, I'm not quite ashamed to say,
I'm a man of peace—not war.

Not that I wouldn't go out all the same
with the "Red Cross" and do something more,

To help the brave souls who are giving their lives,
than talking and arguing here:

But a man who cannot do fighting;
with a body by practice refined

Can, with his ability conquer:
he can learn and teach mastery of self."

"O ho!" said the man, "there's only one count
that would hold in our English law:

The second you named; but if that you passed,
off you'd go to the 'Front.'"

"Yes, maybe!" I said, "But listen!
you're a much bigger man than myself:

Why I'm sure you could kill quite a dozen
while I would be getting my breath.

You seem to be doing just nothing
but idling your time around here,

While I'm here for rest and refreshment,
after rushing about town all day."

"Oh but I'm an invalid," came the retort,
"I've tubercles the doctors say;

Why I'm fifty-four years of age, and so,
of course I'm not able to go;

But I'm voting of course for Conscription:
send the young men away, I say."

"And why not mature men as well?" I rejoined;
"up to forty, if boarding and free.

They've stamina, caution; with power to endure:
better far than God's brighter hopes."

"That's sentiment now you're talking," said he;
"as for God, I've not found Him as yet,

There's no proof at all beyond what we see,
for it's only illusion—that's sure."

"Of course you believe in Conscription," I said,
"and the more men we send the better.
You're alright and safe, and know that you're free:
you have mind—no illusion—and sense;
Of a truth you do own that we see: we're alive:
we construct and destroy; do we not?
We delight in the flowers, and hear the birds sing,
and feel a joy in it all.
We love the sweet perfume of many a bloom,
and the changing of countless hues.
Just look away yonder—the blue of the sea,
and nearby the city's high domes;
Do you mean to say truthfully you do not feel
the union of God and man?"
"Look here," said he then, "I'm sorry I can't,
but what I enjoy is this:—
The peace and quiet of mountain vale;
the bushland and twittering birds."
"Just so: that proves the response by the soul
to capacity for enjoying God's gifts.
If you've read much of history, the Bible as well,
have you not missed the lessons they teach?
You say you know something of Romans,
the Chaldees, Egyptians and Gauls;
Does not history prove that progression of man
is dependent on fear of a God?"

"Well, we cannot rely on our history," quoth he,
"Alexandria's books were all burned."

"Not all Sir; why thousands were saved" I replied,
"and valuable truths we have learned."

I had quoted from "Ancient Wisdom;"
Evolution of course was my "plank."

Though to satisfy him I could prove nought,
on the subject of Spirit and such.

"And moreover," he said, "have any great men
ever come back to tell us of these?"

I waited awhile and puzzled my brain,
then I asked him to read certain works,

And mentioned the books on research of late years,
by Wallace, William Crooks and Lodge.

"Then what of the celebrated musical men
who have given the world of their best?

These souls have inspired, and still shall inspire
those of talent who trust in their power."

"There is no such thing inspiration indeed!
It's just chance, I tell you," he said.

"Why are men not inspired now, to stop this great war,
with its suffering, slaughter and waste?"

"For this reason, friend:—the great war's to teach
what other means fail to achieve.

But thousands of men are inspired all the same,
in the virtues of courage and zeal.

It is bringing out love, more abundant than hate,
and charity, patience and faith:

And as much of the suffering—to us seems unjust,
rest assured there's God's reason for that."

"What I say," he answered, "I always maintain;
and we're fools if we don't do it, too."

We're to just get the best out of life that we can,
and each one take care of himself."

"Then if that were the case," I thoughtfully asked,
"what good do you do with **your** life?"

"Well, I do my own share, I open my purse,
and help with my money, you see."

"I grant that is something, but could you not find
some use for the knowledge you have?

You will find, too, I'll warrant, as soon as you try
that the effort will do you more good.

It will bring you in contact with minds that may prove
the Spirit-world life to be fact.

Now I say; will you tell me whence comes our life's breath:
do you think that's illusion as well?"

He turned his grey head, then was still as the grave:
he refused to give battle to that.

"O Well," I said cheerfully, "all of us should
have the liberty our own thoughts suggest:

And it's not for me, you, or anyone else,
to vaunt our opinions at all.

Still, this we may do, conscientiously too,
and I call it a duty—don't you?

When enquiry just hints, we should open our hearts
and may help wondrous well—if we will."

"I suppose so: that's right: and now I must go."
And we then wished each other "Good-bye!"



QUEENSTOWN AND THE REMARKABLES

From a watercolor
by the Author

BEAUTIFUL MAORI-LAND

In the country we love and are proud of today,
Nature's glorious beauties unfold:
'Tis the Isle of the Maori—an ancient race,
Whose warriors were noble and bold.
And home of the Kiwi, 'mid Toi-toi and Flax—
Our wonderful Maori-land.

From the lakes' mossy shores, bright with verdure green,
Sparkling streams onward flow through the plains;
This could be the Heaven some poets have seen—
Land of mountains and bounteous rains.
Here are colors for artists; inspiring; grand,
In our lovely Maori-land.

Then we ride through the forests of fern-tree and pine,
With the bellbirds' and tuis' songs sweet;
Where tall Remu mingles with red Rata-vine,
Where glaciers and drifting snows meet.
The delight of the tourist from far o'er the world,
Is our beautiful Maori-land.

In the North for volcanoes, at rest or display,
New Zealand can well hold its own:
Extensive the regions where waters will heal;
Land of harbors, fine rivers and gold.
And noble the sons who have fought for the love
Of our country and home—Maori-land.

THE SEA-SICK VEGETARIAN

O sea, thou great glorious ocean of Blue,
Ever subject to winds and the tides:
For how many years have I watched you at play,
Thou alluring yet treacherous guide?
For oft-times I thought you would deal with me well
When I've plunged through the surf without fear,
And turned my head sideways in making for shore;
You gave me a clout in the ear:
And deafened me nigh, for the rest of the day,
Then you'd tumble me back to the rear.
Or worse still, you spun me around like a top,
And battered the sand in both ears.
Yet many a time I've enjoyed a good dip,
And dived through the waves with the rest;
Aye, enjoyed your clear breakers just like any fish,
When I've swam out well o'er your white crests.
But for all that, sometimes I'd be caught with the tow,
In that beautiful "Freshwater" Bay,
When my feet couldn't bottom it, scared I'd just go,
For all I was worth—my own way.
I remember the time when like a great fiend,
You dragged me with long mighty rush;
When a stroke or two more would have taken me in;
But I fought and got out of your clutch.

Yet all that was trifling to what you're at now;
Thou relentless and pitiless Deep.
Why for eight solid days, with no appetite yet,
I've been sick, tortured, rent, and dead weak.
It's surprising:—the "cures" fast coming along now:
One man says "brandy," another, "soup."
"The most certain of all is just salts—several kinds!"
Sure, they'll all have their chance, except soup.
"Why stewardess, what's this you're bringing me now?"
"Well, to tempt you, a nice bit of lamb."
"Lamb! but good soul . . . don't you know I'm a "veg?"
"But not bound are you, not to take lamb?"
"No, of course, that's alright, but my *principle* holds."
"Take a mouthful this once . . . for a test."
"For a mouthful, why dear me, it's not worth my while;
And I'd lose it along with the rest."
Our stewardess really is wonderfully kind;
She won't even wait for a call;
Though if I could do justice to one-half she brings,
Why I wouldn't be down here at all.
I nibble a bit here: a spoonful or two there;
And I certainly can't do more,
Till I've run with a rush where I know there's no crush,
Then I wait for my bellows to roar.
Now this waiting business I dread worst of all:
First it will, then it won't, till I pour

A tumbler's contents of salt sea down my throat:
If I'm lucky there's no need for more.
But as often as not it's a failure—this game:
When it acts I'm left panting and faint,
And staggering along round the cabins again,
I'm good for an hour—like a saint.

Oh! you horrible sea: the "Pacific"—you?
Even crossing the Line where we dreamed of a peace,
You pitch your great swell 'neath this cork of a boat;
For mercy's sake—when will you cease?
O I must have by now paid my debts—nearly all;
And the fish, they have done really well,
For all I have eaten of their finny tribe,
My menu has been quite a sell.
"Good sea-boat this," a friend had declared:
"Much better than others of fame."
But whether we get in a worse sea or not,
I don't cross this "switchback" again.
Not a ship; scarce a bird; ne'er a dolphin I see:
For a week I've been curled up in bed,
Either topsides or cabin, I hear little else
Than the noises which rack my poor head.
I was happy at home when I looked at the waves
From the cliffs where geraniums grow,

Where Manly's white beaches give pleasure and balm;
 But this sea trip is deadly and slow.
 O my! . . . Surely this bout must be quite the last;
 Or when will it stop—is it fair? . . .
 Well, I've patience: I've fasted for two weeks before,
 But what of the suffering elsewhere?
 What weakness is this: how small to endure
 When I think of the agony borne
 By the heroes—aye, nurses and doctors as well,
 At the War: and fond mothers forlorn.

I'm reduced to the babyhood stage once again;
 Now I'm fed up on gruel and pale "B.,"
 A teetotaller too, by the way, I must own:
 My dreams are quite dreadful at sea.
 There's a swish and a swirl at my cabin port-hole;
 There's the man peeling "taters" all night;
 At least so it sounds when I've nothing to do,
 But listen and cuddle up tight.
 I'll be right when I tread on Canadian soil;
 For a purpose I've suffered, that's sure.
 When I've worked out my sins, my unseen faithful guide
 May not take me to sea any more.

*Composed while sick for 13 days, during moderate head seas;
 otherwise a healthy energetic vegetarian for 7 years.*

G. H. H.

R. M. S. Makura, Nov., 1916.

THE REALM OF THOUGHT

A thought, even if it finds no expression in an act, often affects other people: its influence just depends on conditions. The best intention will produce no visible effect as a rule, unless it is put into practice by the person who makes the intention; but this act of the mind may find expression elsewhere. For instance, how often we hear at a banquet, when speeches are going the round, "Well brothers, I find that the sentiments I intended to express have been taken out of my mouth by one of the previous speakers." Intentions produce mental states which may be productive of good action in the future.

The first requirement to obtain power is to learn how to control thought; to command our own moods, and allow only such ideas to enter the mind as we choose to admit. Can you hold a thought for three minutes, excluding all other intruding subjects? Here we have something like an exercise which, if experimented on, and diligently practiced, will result in valuable success. We all need to concentrate our minds on what we do, and through the lack of power and application in this function, our memories often fail us. The good effect of this quality is apparent when we have arranged new places for our papers, etc., after putting our desk or table in order. No greater blessing can we have than the power and the will to control thoughts, and dwell only on the good and useful ones.

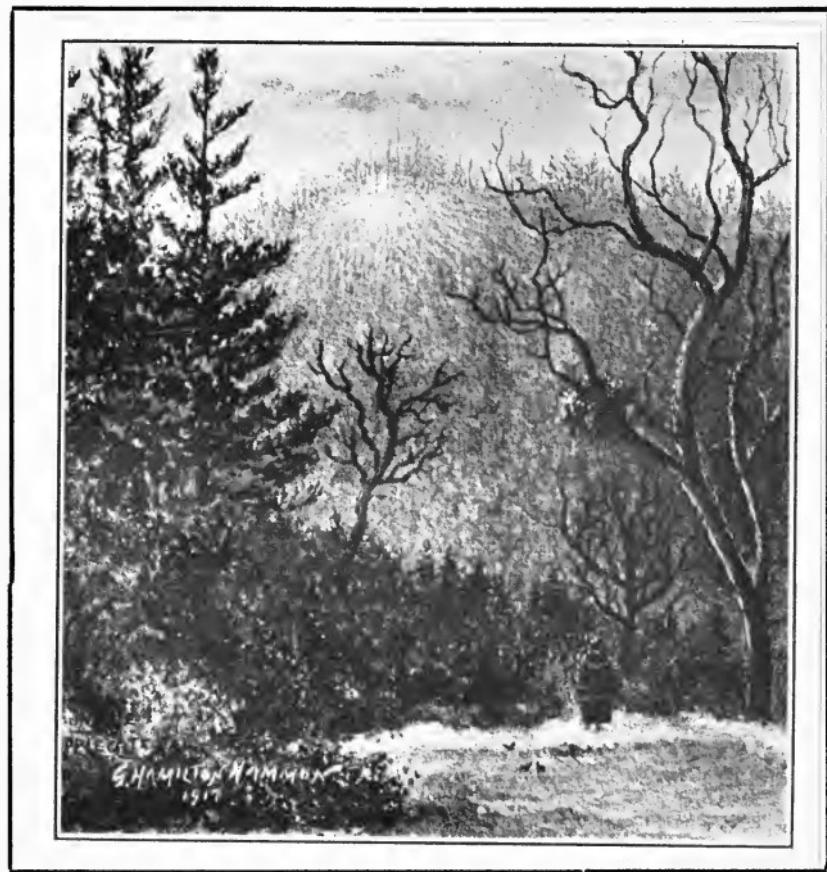
OVER THE NEW ZEALAND ALPS

RECOLLECTIONS OF TWO HAPPY TOURISTS

It was seven o'clock the morning after we gained the west side of Otira, when we were surprised and delighted by seeing the landscape thickly covered with snow. A "blizzard" had disturbed our night's sleep. The narrow river was a swollen torrent. We just revelled in our first snow, played snowballs; took mouthfuls; fell into it; and after a solid breakfast cycled away. All was now calm, silent, and to us strange and unknown. Essaying to cross this mountain-chain with food for one meal, a change of clothing, and portfolio of sketches, was a real joy indeed. Unbounded was our admiration and enthusiasm, when the magnificent scenery unfolded as we pushed our bikes up the steep road. It was Christmas, and snow was unthought of. Our rubber shoes were soaked, and feet icy cold of course: but what matter in our happiness alone with God's sublime harmonies.

On reaching the summit our only visible guides were the telegraph poles, while the streams increased. Nearing the topmost cutting, a beautiful peak loomed up, enshrouded by a snowy gauze like veil, and as we gazed enraptured by its grandeur, our very souls were thrilled, for the stillness was broken by the sweet and exquisite melody of a little bird. Such a delightful song in that snowy scene of pure beauty was as pleasant and welcome as unexpected. Most patiently we waited till it was repeated by the unseen heavenly messenger of good cheer. On we cycled, and O those icy streams and pebbles! The latter lodged in my shoes, as I carried over each machine and then my wife. One stream we rode through in defiance, barely escaping a "ducking" as we bumped against the larger pebbles.

Later on a caravan met us, and we accepted a sip of something hot from a flask: we were getting on so nicely too—buoyant, warm and fit for scores of miles. However, we thanked the giver, parted with good feeling, then raced along again in fine style—braced up, of course, and yet somehow the bracing wasn't any improvement. Soon the descent began, past majestic peaks, waterfalls and precipitous heights: lovely foliage, ferns of many shades with young rose-pink fronds. As Bealey River hove in sight, the exquisite Otira Gorge and Arthur's Pass faded from view, but never shall we forget that happy day when we cycled over the Southern Alps.



SUNRISE O'ER THE CANYON

From a watercolor
by the Author

A NORTH CALIFORNIAN IDYLL

“O Glorious land—California North,
Of charming climes and fame renowned:
If faithful quite to high repute,
Thou givest me surprise enough.”

Here 'mid yon hills of soft red loam,
Above the snowline clear and crisp,
Fantastic icicles abound,
And wondrous frozen vapour clings.
A bracing atmosphere doth change
One's moods and thoughts on common things
To realms within etherian blue:
Those heights which man in time must pierce.

“And now the sun hath long been set;
Come! read, dear wife; I would hear more,
While yet the eve is not far spent,
Concerning that ennobling law,
Given to man through a teacher great.”
And round the blazing pine-log fire,
Two minds with one accord comment
On elevating passages:—
*“Man's will is simply liberty,
To will, and be, and do, and suffer:

Precisely what necessity
 The will of God imperative makes,
 According to change of circumstance,
 In every conceivable arising case.”
 This liberty then, of man’s own will,
 Is the embodiment of impotence;
 And “*Necessity*”—that doth belong
 To divine and perfect will of God:
 It’s opposite; so the embodiment
 Of great sublime Omnipotence.”*

“Pause here awhile—no need for haste:
 Our spiritual growth must needs depend
 On thought applied deliberate.
 Though frequently on problems dwell,
 We lose the full import of these,
 As oft with knowledge cram the brain
 Too much with learning premature.
 O, should we not be thankful then
 When fate decrees companionship,
 To aid each by discussion fair?
 Aye—that’s the point:—true Harmony.”
 So night wears on in peace and calm,
 Till morning breaks and slumbers cease,

*Paraphrased from “*Liberty and Necessity*,” Vol. 4, Page 17.
Revised Esoterie, by H. E. Butler.

When faintly the sound of familiar bell,
Mellowed by frosty distance calls
The Applegate Fraternity.

And soon the peeping sun shines through
The topmost pines o'er canyon deep:
It's winter warmth scarce melts the ice
That lingers on the chilly stream.

Yet early Spring is close at hand;
And ere the dawn is one hour past,
The landscape is exuberant
With budding †Manzanita shrub
And willows racing to be first;
Their golden stems to burst in leaf.
The Bluebird's flight, and songster's voice,
All aid to cheer the stranger here.

And in the loving souls around,
My dear old autoharp and I
Find many a friend of truest worth,
For harmony tends to godliest bliss.
So wings the time and still we stay,
And roam and read and learn and think;
Studying a work appropriate:—
“*The Seven Creative Principles.*”

†Spanish word for Little Apple—(the seed of the pink flower.)

A balmier sunshine none could wish:
Few boistrous winds mar January's days;
Though ere the next month is well gone,
'Tis well we should not linger here:
Unless perchance . . . yet God knows best;
The war embrace e'en this fair land.
Then, "Fiend-supreme," of all Earth's woes,
Our place is where we are needed most;
Working, diffusing with fullest heart
That love which must redeem the whole
Of agonized humanity.
"Hush! for the dreaded news may come,
As a thunderclap, and rend the air,
Some morn as gazing feverishly,
O'er headlines black with its import."

Spirit of Peace, O give this Race
Which strives for freedom unsurpast,
Immunity from brutish force,
But mightier power toward Brotherhood."

The
Poet's Song
to
California

The Poet's Song

to

California

By G. Hamilton Hammon

California—O California!

Thy praises oft are sung
From pine-clad hills in northern climes
With Manzanita blooming,
Whose pearly blossoms smiling,
And peeping through the snow,
Await the sunbeams stealing
O'er the canyon's gloom,
To orange groves and gardens,
'Mid nature's colors charming,
And landscape rich in brilliant hues
Where stately palms all blend.

California—Great California!

Thy roads we race along,
And view Sierra's snowy heights;
Blue lakes with waters slumbering
Below the avalanche tumbling
Its mass of ice and snow,
To form the river winding
Along to sparkling bay.
Inland away through ranches
'Mid Eucalyptus fragrant:
No states compare with this fair one,
Beloved of them all.

California—Fair California!

Thy cities stand supreme,
With noble halls, majestic schools,
From Golden Gate of splendour
To beauteous San Diego,
Thy floral homes a show.
By radiant hills and valleys,
Each orchard wondrous fine,
Where luscious fruits they're gathering,
Nigh mellow crops all ripening;
Old Missions loved whose bells still toll
Complete the harmony. .

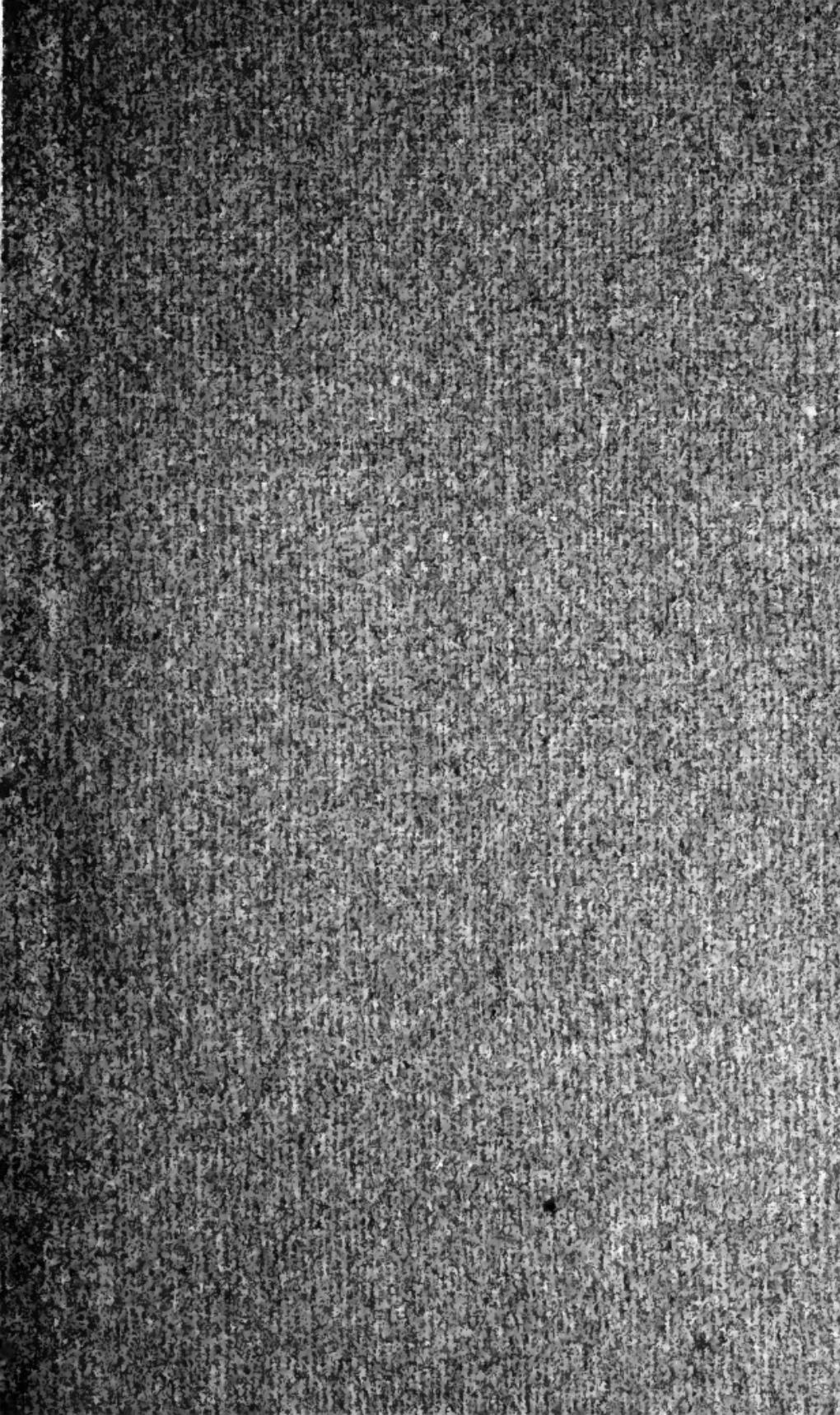
(OVER)

California—Gay California!

Thy climate of the South,
Through Santa Barbara's flowering vales,
Los Angeles, Pasadena,
Where leafy avenues shelter,
Nestling 'neath the Range;
And sunny breezes balmy
Doth draw from North and East.
Thy children—happy youngsters
Compare with feathered songsters,
In harmony and cheerful play
What gladder sight to see?

California—Our California

The world to thee owes much.
Thy products of the soil so rich
Are wealth to feed the nations:
Receive their approbation,
For in the years to come
All peoples shall remember
America and Thee.
And oft recall the picture
Of splendid stalwart soldiers
Marching along with perfect stride
To battle for Liberty.



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